

Lat swiche folies out of youre herte slyde.
What deyntee sholde a man han in his lyf
for to go love another mannes wyf,
That hath hir body whan so that hym lyketh?

Aurelius ful ofte goore siketh.
O was Aurelie, whan that he this herde,
And with a sorweful herte he thus
answerde:

Madame, quod he, this were an impossible,
Thanne moot I dye of sodeyn deth horrible!
And with that word he turned hym anon.
Tho come hir othere freendes many oon,
And in the aleyes romeden up and down,
And nothyng wiste of this conclusioun,
But sodeynly bigonne revel newe,
Til that the brighte sonne loste his hewe;
for thorisonte hath refte the sonne his lyght;
This is as muche to seye as it was nyght;
And hoom they goon in joye and in solas,
Save oonly wrecche Aurelius, alas!

Ne to his hous is goon with sorweful herte;
He seeth he may nat fro his deeth asterte.
Hym semed that he felte his herte colde;

Up to the hevne his handes he gan holde,
And on his knowes bare he sette hym doun,
And in his ravyng seyde his orisoun.
for verray wo out of his wit he breyde.

He nyste what he spak, but thus he seyde;
With pitous herte his pleynt hath he bigonne
Unto the goddes, and first unto the sonne:

He seyde, Appollo, god and governour,
Of every plaunte, herbe, tree and flour,
That yvest, after thy declinacioun,

To ech of hem his tyme and his sesoun,
As thyn herberwe chaungeth lowe or heighe;
Lord Phebus, cast thy merciable eighe
On wrecche Aurelie, which that am but lorn.

Lo, lord! my lady hath my deeth ysworn
Withoute gilt, but thy benignytee
Upon my dedly herte have som pitee!

for wel I woot, lord Phebus, if yow lest,
Ye may me helpen, save my lady, best.
Now vouchethsauf that I may yow devyse
How that I may been holpe and in what wyse.

Youre blisful suster, Lucina the sheene,
That of the see is chief goddesse and queene,
Though Neptunus have deitee in the see,
Yet Empresse aboven hym is she:

Ye knowen wel, lord, that right as hir desir
Is to be quyked and lightned of youre fir,
for which she folweth yow ful bisily,
Right so the see desireth naturelly

To folwen hire, as she that is goddesse
Bothe in the see and ryveres moore and lesse.
Wherfore, lord Phebus, this is my requeste,
Do this miracle, or do myn herte breste;

That now, next at this opposicioun,
Which in the signe shal be of the Leoun,
As prieth hire so greet a flood to brynge,
That fyve fadme at the leeste it oversprynge

The hyste rokke in Armorik Briteyne;
And lat this flood endure yeres tweyne;
Thanne certes to my lady may I seye:

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Holdeth youre heste, the rokkes been aweye.
LORD PHEBUS, dooth this miracle
for me;

Preye hire she go no faster cours than ye
I seye, preyeth your suster that she go
No faster cours than ye thise yeres two.

Thanne shal she been evene atte fulle alway,
And spryng/flood laste bothe nyght and day,
And, but she vouchesauf in swich manere
To graunte me my sovereyn lady deere,

Prey hire to synken every rok adoun
Into hir owene derke regioun
Under the ground, ther Pluto dwelleth inne,
Or nevere mo shal I my lady wynne.

Thy temple in Delphos wol I barefoot seke;
Lord Phebus, se the teeris on my cheke,
And of my peyne have gom compassioun!

And with that word in swowne he fil adoun,
And longe tyme he lay forth in a traunce.

His brother, which that knew of his penaunce,
Up caughte hym, and to bedde he hath hym
brought.

Dispeyred in this torment and this thought
Lete I this woful creature lye;
Chese he, for me, whether he wol lyve or dye.

REVERENDUS, with heele and greet
honour,
As he that was of chivalrie the flour,
Is comen hoom, and othere worthy
men.

O blisful artow now, thou Dorigen!
That hast thy lusty housbonde in thyn armes,
The freshe knyght, the worthy man of armes,
That loveth thee, as his owene hertes lyf.

Nothing list hym to been ymaginatyf
If any wight had spoke, whil he was oute,
To hire of love; he hadde of it no doute.

He noght entendeth to no swich mateere,
But daunceth, justeth, maketh hire good cheere;
And thus in joye and blisse I lete hem dwelle,
And of the sike Aurelius wol I telle.

Two yer and moore in torment furyus,
Aurelius,
Er any foot he myghte on erthe gon;
Ne confort in this tyme hadde he
noon.

Save of his brother, which that was a clerk;
He knew of al this wo and al this werk.
for to noon oother creature certeyn
Of this matere he dorste no word seyn.

Under his brest he baar it moore secree
Than evere dide Pamphilus for Galathee.
His brest was hool, withoute for to sene,
But in his herte ay was the arwe hene;

And wel ye knowe that of a sursanure
In surgerye is perilous the cure,
But men myghte touche the arwe, or come thereby.

His brother weep and wayled pryvely,
Til atte laste hym fil in remembrance
That whiles he was at Orlens in fraunce,
As yonge clerkes, that been tykerous
To reden artes that been curious,



Seken in every halke and every herne
Particuler sciences for to lerne,
He hym remembered, that upon a day,
At Orlens in studie a book he say

Of magyk natureel, which his felawe,
That was that time a bachelour of lawe,
Hadde prively upon his desk ylast;

Which book spak muchel of the operaciouns
Touchyng the eighte and twenty mansiouns
That longen to the moone, and swich folye,
As in our dayes is nat worth a flye;

for hooly chirches feith in oure bileve,
Ne suffreth noon illusion us to greve.
And whan this book was in his remembrance,
Anon for joye his herte gan to daunce,

And to hymself he seyde pryvely:
My brother shal be warissched hastily;
for I am siker that ther be sciences
By whiche men make diverse apparences,

Swiche as thise subtile tregetoures pleye.
for ofte at feestes have I wel herd seye,
That tregetours, withinne an halle large,
Have maad come in a water and a barge,

And in the halle rowen up and doun.
Somytyme bath semed come a grym leoun;
And somtyme floures sprynge as in a mede;

Somytyme a vyne, and grapes white and rede;

Somytyme a castel, al of lym and stoon;
And whan hym lyked, voyded it anon.
Thus semed it to every mannes sighte.

Now thanne conclude I thus, that if I myghte
At Orlens som oold felawe yfynde,
That hadde this moones mansiouns in mynde,
Or oother magyk natureel above,

He sholde wel make my brother han his love,
for with an apparence a clerk may make
To mannes sighte, that alle the rokkes blake
Of Britaigne weren yvooyded everichon,

And shippes by the brynke comen and gon,
And in swich forme endure a wowke or two.
Thanne were my brother warissched of his wo,
Thanne moste she nedes holden hire biheste,

Or elles he shal shame hire atte leeste.

WHAT sholde I make a lenger tale of
this?

Unto his brotheres bed he comen is,
And swich confort he yaf hym for to gon
To Orlens, that he up stirte anon,
And on his way forthward thanne is he fare,

In hope for to been lissed of his care.
Whan they were come almoost to that
citee,
But if it were a two furlong or thre,
A yonge clerk romynge by hymself they mette
Which that in Latyn thriftily hem grette,